The Island Landfall

the customary thrill of landfall heightened by the strangeness of the shores that we were then approaching. . . .

" The land heaved up in peaks and rising vales ; it fell in cliffs and buttresses; its colour ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl and rose and olive ; and it was crowned above by opalescent clouds. The suffusion of vague hues deceived the eye; the shadows of clouds were confounded with the articulations of the mountain ; and the isle and its unsubstantial canopy rose and shimmered before us like a single mass. There was no beacon, no smoke of towns to be expected, no plying pilot. Somewhere, in that pale phantasmagoria of cliff and cloud, our haven lay concealed. . . ."

So, and it would be interesting to collect the first impressions of all those many writers who have thus approached Tahiti. I have done so, and I meant to pass them on- But I am not sure that

it is worth doing. They range from the rhapsodies
of Lady Brassey—" The sky above is of azure blue;
a girdle of luxuriant and intensely green tropical
vegetation, gorgeous with gaily-coloured leaves